

THE MISSILE



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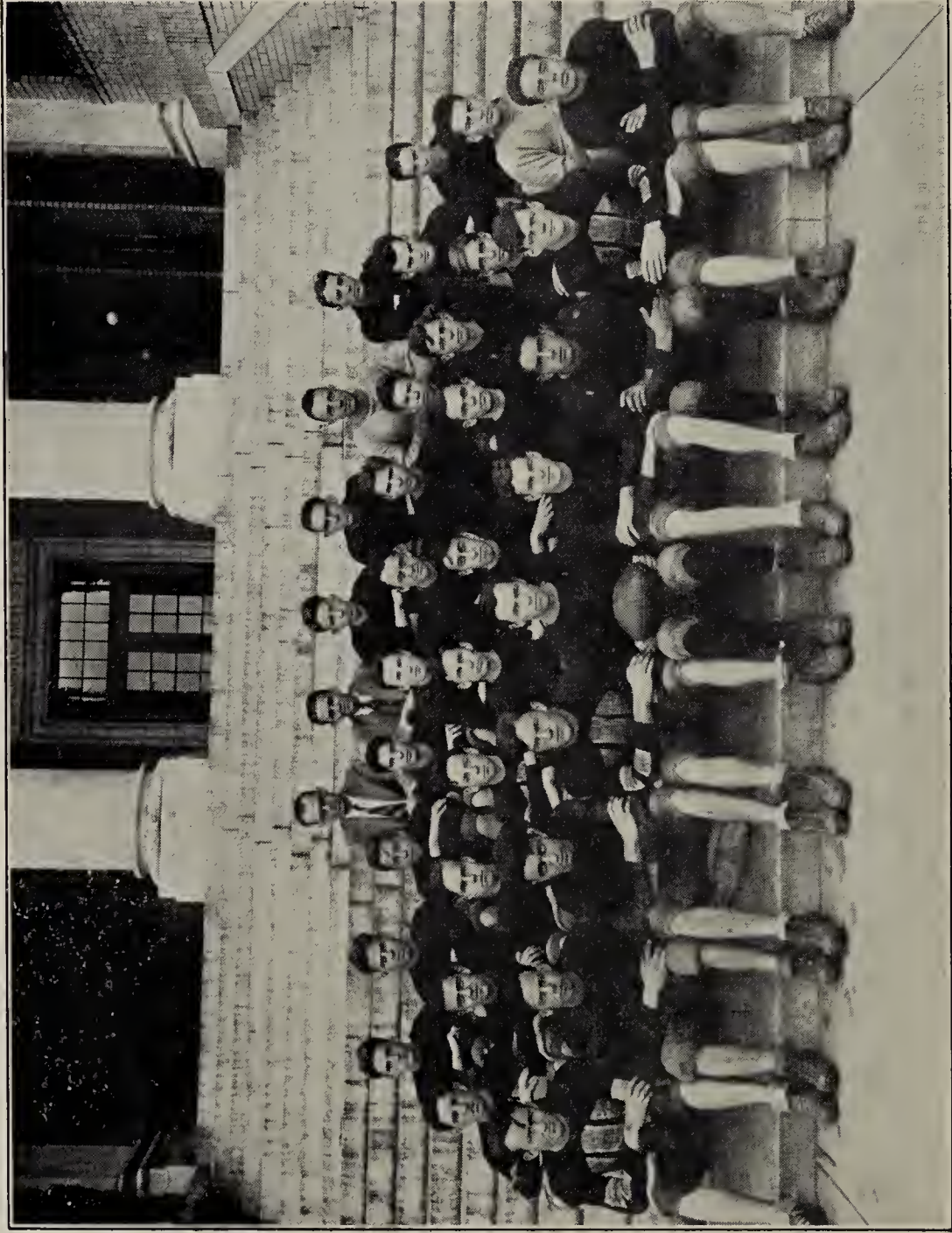
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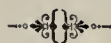
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Football Team

The Missile



THOUGHTS

By Robert Berkeley

When I am given to deep and serious thought
About this ever-changing world of ours,
With all its pomp and all its mighty powers,
Its great resources and riches ever sought
By some, I see the lessons it has taught;
I realize the joys of certain hours
That I have spent in various haunts and bowers;
I recollect my hopes that came to naught,
And if the world has bad among the good,
As seems to be the case, why should I fret
And bother over it? The world long stood
Before I came and it won't tumble yet.
Let me ignore her faults, not see the pain,
And look for the sun which shines behind the rain.



"AND I'LL MAKE 'EM"

By Helen Stephenson

Joan Huntingdon, a Baltimore debutante, had, as soon as the United States entered the great war, given up her social career and, much to her family's disappointment, entered Johns Hopkins hospital for practical training as a nurse. She spent several months there and then was one of the first nurses sent overseas by the American Red Cross. Joan sailed, along with some fifty other nurses, on the "Athenia," which had formerly been a regular liner but was chartered at the beginning of the war.

At the present time there are very few formalities to be observed during an ocean voyage, but in 1917 nearly everyone crossing was on some diplomatic or war mission, and so even these few were patriotically ignored and the passengers were just like one great family, bound together by a common interest. Crossing on the "Athenia," in addition to the

nurses, there was a regiment of soldiers, four chaplains, and several rather mysterious gentlemen who seemed to talk to no one, not even among themselves. Among these, was Bob Saxony, a very sociable and attractive young man but evidently without any special business. He and Joan soon became acquainted and often walked the deck together, talking usually about the war and the new experiences awaiting Joan. Usually, during such long conversations some of the life history of both people leaked out even though not directly talked about, but although Bob knew a great deal about Joan, the details of her as yet short life, her greatest ideas, and highest ideals—he was very reticent about himself. At the end of the third day out Joan knew nothing at all about Bob, even though she had tried by every conversational trap she knew to induce him to talk about himself.

That night Joan went to her cabin, and, after she had slipped into her berth, leaving the cabin door open for the two other nurses who shared her room, she tried to puzzle out the truth about Bob. He had once mentioned his senior year at Georgia Tech and then, as if embarrassed, had hurriedly changed the subject. Although he looked as if football, basketball, and track would be second nature to him, he had never mentioned any such sports. Joan liked to picture to herself what his college life might have been. Idolized by his class and team mates, an all-star athlete, admired by his professors as an all-round man, and—this thought did not please her as had the other—the ideal of every girl whom he met. Then why, why wasn't he a soldier? Surely he couldn't be a slacker and a coward! Joan, disgusted with herself for thinking of such personal matters on the eve of her great adventure, resolutely turned out the light and tried to go to sleep. After lying awake for several hours, vainly trying to govern her thoughts, she slipped out of bed and into a heavy robe and, the other nurses being asleep, went quietly out and on deck. She was standing by the rail looking out at the stars and the water when she heard the sound of men's voices and among them, to her astonishment, that of Bob. Cautiously creeping around the corner of the smoking room, in front of which the men were standing, she easily recognized by the deck-light, his companions. In utter amazement she realized that they were two of the strange gentlemen and the captain in charge of the soldiers. Bob seemed angry, the two other gentlemen rather annoyed, and the captain very ill at ease. Joan had no intention of eavesdropping, but just as she drew back to go below, she saw Bob turn on his heel and heard him mutter as

he walked away, "They'll have to! And I'll make 'em!"

What could it mean? His conversation with the missionless and unknown men and the strange words she had heard him say had made her problem all the more difficult. "Of course," she continuously told herself, "he's nothing to me one way or another, but I do wish I knew. Anything is better than this awful puzzle."

On the morning of the fifth day the captain warned them that they were in hostile waters and there was danger of submarines. Joan was standing next to Bob when the announcement was made and she looked quickly at him to see how the news affected him. Instead of paling, as she had imagined a real coward would, he seemed to throw back his shoulders, and she even thought she saw a gleam of pleasurable excitement come into his eyes. He did not mention their danger all day long, but somehow she felt protected and comforted and was able to encourage the few nurses whom the announcement had frightened.

The boat was scheduled to dock at Havre eight days after sailing. As the end of the trip drew near, Joan became more and more excited and thrilled over the prospect of active war nursing. Her chief worry was Bob. Would she ever find out the truth? He had asked for her address telling her that he had none to give in return. Was not that in itself mysterious? When the time came to disembark, their parting was seemingly very casual, but both knew it was only to hide their real emotion. After all, with Joan going to a near-the-line hospital and Bob, it seemed to Joan, just disappearing, what real chance did they have of ever meeting again? And she knew that they were more to each other than just chance acquaintances,

Joan, with fifteen other nurses, was sent to a Red Cross hospital at Neuilly. The first part of the journey from Havre was made by train, and then they were met by several automobiles, no two alike, and all bearing evidence of having been used in a warring area. They arrived at the hospital very late at night, and went to bed immediately, not even stopping to see the superintendent. The next morning they were shown over the hospital and assigned to their wards. The hospital seemed to be a mass of low white beds placed together as closely as possible, the only evidence of life often being a bandaged or feverish head appearing above the white cover and carefully supervised by a kind, tired-faced nurse.

Joan had been prepared for shocks, for she had read much and heard more about the pitiful and gruesome sights in store for her, but never had she dreamed of seeing such mangled wrecks of human life. It took her a long time to become even partially accustomed to the sight of wounded men being brought in from the battlefield. She could not help thinking about the mothers and wives of these once-perfect men, and decided that it was probably harder on these at home than on those in action who were stimulated by the excitement of the moment and fired with a nervous courage. Often, pausing a moment in her busy round of duties, Joan would think of Bob, wish she knew the truth about him, bitter though it might be, and wonder how she would feel to see him brought in, wrecked and helpless, and decided that she'd hardly be able to bear it. The opportunities for such personal observations were, however, very rare, for Joan was by this time ward-superintendent, busy all day long and likely to be called at any time during the night. All the doctors admired her greatly for her cheerful energy,

and she was the idol of her sister-nurses and all the soldiers.

One day when the hospital was busier than it had been for quite a long time and all the nurses were practically worn out from exhaustion and anxiety, a young man in a German uniform was brought in by two American soldiers, aides of the colonel in charge of the nearest post of operations. One of the doctors asked Joan to help him operate on this patient and then to take special care of him, for the colonel had asked that everything possible be done for him. Joan forced herself to go to the operating room and make the necessary preparations. When they brought the soldier in, Joan, noticing his uniform, expected the unconscious man to be some high German official. Looking down at his muddy and blood-stained face, Joan was shocked beyond words to recognize the unforgettable features of Bob Saxony. Contrary to her secret predictions on the subject, Joan went through the operation without so much as a quiver, but after getting him safely in one of the doctors' rooms, the only available space, and under the care of another nurse, Joan, hardly able to stand, went into her room, flung herself on the bed, and fell into an exhausted sleep, her last waking thought being, "What can it mean? Bob in a German uniform!"

Joan went into Bob's room every day, being careful to find out beforehand that he was soundly asleep. She shied from having him see her, because, secretly, she was afraid to learn the explanation of his German uniform. The colonel came every day to see him, if only for a minute, and many soldiers often asked after him. This only served to heighten her wonder. She longed for and yet feared the inevitable meeting.

One day when Bob's recovery was assured and the doctor had promised

that he should be out in a few weeks, a message came for Bob, and when the superintendent brought it up, she asked Joan to take it in to him, as she had to go immediately to another patient. There was no one else to take the message so Joan knew that her time had come. "Anyway," she thought, "the colonel is in there. That'll make it easier."

When she went in she saw the colonel sitting on Bob's bed and earnestly talking to him, pointing first to a map which was opened on his knees, and then drawing lines on a diagram. Joan's heart was beating fast when she handed Bob the letter. As he took it, he looked up very casually and, in utter astonishment, stared at her for a full ten seconds. Then, forgetful of his wounds, he started up, only to fall back with a groan.

"Lie still," commanded Joan, her excitement overcome by her nurse's instinct, "You mustn't move."

"To think that I should see you again over here. This is luck," cried Bob. "You see, Colonel, I had the honor of meeting Miss Huntingdon on the transport 'Athenia.'"

"But, Bob, you're not a German, are you?" asked Joan, overcome by her fear and curiosity.

Bob broke into a hearty laugh which sounded more suitable to a college reunion than a field hospital. "No, I'm no Hun," he managed to gasp out between laughs.

Very much relieved, Joan could not help laughing too, and even the colonel smiled.

"Young lady," he said, "if you know Bob Saxony here, you know

one of the best secret service men that the United States has, and one of the very few who have been recommended for the Croix de Guerre."

Seeing that it would be useless to try to pursue his business further at the time, he folded up his maps and quickly went away.

"You, a secret service man!" thrilled Joan, who had often heard of the daring exploits of this branch of the service. "It must be all right 'cause the colonel said it was, but won't you tell me what you meant by your strange conversation on the boat. I heard you say: 'They'll have to! And I'll make 'em!'"

Bob laughed again and then ejaculated, "Gad, no wonder you doubted me. My conversation with the mysterious gentlemen partially overheard, my strict orders to give no one any address whatsoever, and then seeing me here in a German uniform with orders to be cared for as if a valuable German prisoner. But what you heard can easily be explained. The men were executives of the secret service and I was trying to make them let me enter the regular service instead of having a job like this. Finally, they persuaded me that I could help my country more this way than any other. And, so here I am!"

"After all this I have a sure feeling that we will both get back safely to America. No such strange things could happen, straighten themselves out, and then end unhappily. And my 'hunches,' as you boys say, usually come true," said happy Joan to her true American soldier.



JOY

By Ruth G. Wood

Rollicking, frolicking, happy and glad
 Romping, running and spry,
 Hiding and seeking, ne'er growing sad
 These are the spirits so high.

Rollicking, frolicking youngsters are they
Called by the early spring morn,
Off for a slide on the great stack of hay
Concealed by the wavering corn.

Down in the barn yard the roosters are crowing,
Horses are restless and neighing;
Dogs are barking, hunting horns blowing
"Happy day," the south wind is saying.



THE DRUG STORE "COWBOY"

By Robert Berkeley

There is one species of mankind that should be given a separate grouping from all other classes. They inhabit both the country and the city, and are always found in groups. They are found in the country at the village store and in the city at the drug store. As a rule the country species is much more mature than those of the city, but after years of long observation, the writer feels that he has the right to say that the city class is a little more refined. That is just the writer's opinion, however. I hope you have concluded from some of the statements that I have made that I am talking about people. While we are on the subject, it would be a good idea to give them a name.

The city class has a truly remarkable name, the origin of which has always puzzled me and always will. Where the term "drugstore cowboy" was originated is a mystery to me. Just another one of those things we have to take whether we like it or not. I never heard a special name given to the country variety, and I myself belonging to the farmer kind, I will bend my efforts in their direction, feeling myself more capable of explaining their customs and habits.

Up until recent years the drug store was one of the most secluded retreats of the masculine sex, but I have noticed recently with alarm that the fairer ones are encroaching on the habits of the males in this supposed-to-be masculine stronghold. It won't be long before there will be the "cowgirl." However, by the time that arrives, I shall have graduated from the royal body.

I said before that members of this organization were usually to be found in groups. In doors or out of doors, all depends on the weather. One of the most important pieces of the "cowboys'" outfit is that substance called chewing gum. You will rarely ever see one without it. Chewing gum is to them as dope is to the dope fiend. It causes lips to smack, tongues to wag, and jaws to move and ache.

The perfect "cowboy" is dutiful. He never misses a day from his post and will leave it only for the length of time that he can ride in an automobile with the fairer sex.

When the "cowboy" has no gas horse to ride, his time is taken up with watching the delightful type of passers-by, remarking on them, joking and wise cracking about them.

His serious moments consist of debates on the fashion and great questions of the day. They are deliberated on and settled, not always to the satisfaction of everyone present. You will not find at times a more serious body. Taking the organization as a whole, I think one will have to look a long way to find a creature much more awe-inspiring.



ITS SECRET

By Verna Will

Did you ever go to the woods in the fall
And see the beautiful shades,
To hear the softly babbling brook
And see the lovely maids?

All the trees are in the gayest of modes
And everything seems so gay.
They nod their heads in one accord
As if they had much to say.

They seem to be talking about a tree;
It's very hard to confess,
They do not care to talk with it
As it hasn't a new dress.

But a secret it keeps so tight in its heart;
The others sure can't know
That 'way up in the very tip-top
Is a bunch of mistletoe.



THE PROMISE

By J. M. Drewry

Clarence Van Martin would rather have been called Mike or Pete or Bill. But there was nothing he would do about it. He wanted to play football, basketball, baseball, and in fact almost every exciting sport there is. He wanted to release his six-foot-four of energy. He was built like a good football player; he was unusually fast and agile for his large size and knew how to make good use of his brains when an occasion arose. But all these games were not for him. His parents would not allow it. They said they wanted him to be a

gentleman and he would not be a gentleman if he went in for those rough games. They let him play tennis and croquet. He really liked tennis and was a good tennis player. He hated croquet but was an expert croquet player.

In high school he won the senior tennis tournament cup and was graduated with high scholastic honors. But he was not happy because he could play nothing but tennis. His father decided to send him to a good Southeastern university. Clarence wanted to go because he

thought he saw an opportunity to enter into his beloved yet forbidden sports far away from his father. Clarence's father called him.

"Boy, I know you want to go to college, and I want to send you. I am, because it'll do you good, but you must promise me this."

Clarence knew what was coming and his spirits fell, but his word was good. Mr. Van Martin continued. "That you will not take part in football, baseball, boxing, track or swimming contests. You can swim all you want to but not in contests. You can play tennis, though. It'll be a Southern university so you won't play in ice hockey. That takes in about all of the sports I know that they might have there. Will you promise?"

"But, dad, I . . ."

"No buts about it, do you promise?"

"Yes, sir, I promise." But he scarcely knew what he said. He wouldn't break the promise.

Mr. Van Martin was a millionaire ship owner of Galveston, Texas. He wanted his son to take over the business. He sent Clarence to the largest university in the South for a good general education. Mr. Van Martin's intense dislike for all sports was a mystery to all. Clarence knew that there must be some reason behind it all, but he could never discover the secret.

Clarence was delighted with the university as soon as he arrived. It was made up of many large buildings scattered over a large palm-covered campus, facing a little bay in the Gulf of Mexico. The bay was dotted with water craft of all kinds.

"I'll buy a sail-boat. Dad didn't say I couldn't," he said aloud, gazing at the golden waters of the bay.

"Couldn't what?" He turned around to see a good looking, dark-complexioned boy, as big as himself, smiling at him.

"I'm glad you met me, big boy; put it here." He laughed as he extended his hand. "My name is Maximilian Espana. Just call me Mac Spain for short. I'm of Spanish ancestry, but we've been in America for several generations."

"My name is Clarence Van Martin; you ca—" He didn't have time to finish.

"Wow! you don't look like Clarence to me," yelled the other boy admiring Clarence's broad shoulders and well built body.

Clarence started again, "You can just call me Pete for short."

"O. K. Now let's meet a few fellow students." The two new friends walked down to the pier; Pete listened and watched while Mac pointed out the various buildings and points of interest on the huge campus. A group of boys were standing together on the pier looking at a new yacht. When they saw Mac they all called to him.

"Hey! Mack, what you got there? What's its name? What does it eat? Can it talk?" and other good-natured foolish questions. It was probably their usual reception of a freshman to see how he took things.

"Brothers, meet the only living one alive and in captivity. His name is Clarence." They all yelled when their leader announced this.

"Does he look like it? He says call him Pete for short. A little unusual, I would say. Will we do it?" he asked solemnly.

More yells.

"Well, that's settled. Pete it is then. Now, Pete, meet the brains of the Alpha Gamma Fraternity. Here's Jim, Fred, Bill, Al, Harvey, Smitty, Bob, Jack, George and Frank. There are a few others you will meet later."

Pete felt happy when he went to his room that night. The next day he registered and went to his classes. They were all satisfactory, and he was going to study. He met many

more students that day. That night he was even happier than before.

The next day the call for football was the topic of the whole university. Three hundred answered the first call, but Pete Van Martin was not among them. Most of his friends had gone out. They called him, "Hey, Pete, you are going to be there aren't you?" But Pete shook his head sadly and started for his room. Why had he made that promise anyway?

Football season sped on. Pete spent all of his spare time watching the team practice. But he kept high in his studies. He mustn't fall down on them. He had watched the Cuban players play Hai Lai, and had written his father about the game. His father wrote back, "Don't let me hear of you going in for that."

When basketball season came the same thing happened. He knew it would be the same for everything. He swam a lot, but the promise kept him from getting on the swimming team. He played successfully on the freshman tennis team. Track came and went. Baseball came and went, but Pete never had on a uniform.

That summer he and Mac and two other fraternity brothers took a flivver trip to Canada. There they saw lacrosse played. It fascinated Pete because of the speed and skill necessary. An idea struck him. His father knew nothing of the game and if it were only introduced in his college he could play without letting his father know and yet not be breaking his promise. If he made the team his chances of discovery through the papers were slim, because he was generally known as Pete Martin and his father knew him as Clarence Van Martin. He interested his friends, and they helped interest the coach who ordered an assistant coach who knew the game.

When school started again Mac gave up football to play lacrosse with Pete. They learned the funda-

mentals of the game and practice was started. The squad was not large at first, because very few had ever seen it played before. There were two who had played a little. The practices had many spectators, and it was not long before there were fifty out for the squad. More than four teams. Pete did his best to help up his class, but he gave every spare moment to lacrosse. It is no game for weaklings. It is as easy to break a leg or an ankle in this game as it is in football. It is a simple matter to have a severely bruised head and a couple of broken fingers as a result of playing lacrosse. It is very strenuous and every muscle must be alive and alert. That was what Pete wanted.

There were not many southern teams, so they had to play big northern teams. Although there were only five teams in the Gulf States, they were fourth in the Gulf States Championship. Lost to Princeton 6 to 2 and Harvard 12 to 8. Not at all bad for the first season.

Pete went home for Christmas happy and healthy. But he did not tell a soul at home about his playing or that his name was Pete. He was Clarence again.

"You're looking mighty well, son." His father greeted him thus as he got off the train. "You see you don't have to go in for all of those foolish games to keep healthy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Clarence. But he was smiling to himself when he said it.

When he went back to school, he was manager of the basketball team. He studied hard and swam as much as he could. But he was the star of the tennis team. When summer came he worked on one of his father's ships, and developed even more his already powerful body. He could hardly wait for school to begin again. He wanted to see his fraternity brothers again,

When he went back to the university in the fall he was heartily welcomed by all. He was the first out for lacrosse, practiced hard and played harder. He loved the game. After the first two games he was the star of the team. The team had a good season before it, because they had entered the Gulf States Conference.

Pete played brilliantly the whole season. They were tied with a Texas university for first place in the Conference. Each team had two more games to play.

Just after the next to the last game Pete received bad news, a letter from his father: "Dear Son: You haven't been writing much recently and I want to hear from you or see you. I am called to Miami on business, and I will stop and spend a few days with you on the return trip. I'll see you soon.—Your Dad."

"Ye gods," roared Pete, when he finished reading the letter. "Why can't he wait a while? Oh well! He'll probably disinherit me for breach of promise, but I didn't promise not to play lacrosse. I'm going to play that last game anyway."

The downhearted boy went in search of his best friend, Mac Spain. He found him about to go sailing in his little duck-boat.

"Hey, Mac, wait a minute; I need your help," he called.

"Awright, come on and go sailing with me and we'll talk it over."

When they were out on the bay, Pete started.

"Mac, the old man is coming, and I don't know what to do. He'll be here in time for the big game. He doesn't know anything about it, but he'll find out sure. I'm afraid he's likely to disinherit me. But I'm going to play anyway."

"If you're going to play anyway I'll do my best. But it looks foolish to get disinherited in order to play

a game.

"Look here. He'll come before the game won't he? And you'll be with him. But before the game starts I'll manage to keep him away until the game starts and give you a chance to get in. How's that suit you?"

Pete's father came two days later. Pete told him of everything except lacrosse. They were having a good time until somebody yelled to Pete, "Hey, Pete, you'll be out to practice for the big game, won't you?"

Pete murmured, "Uh huh."

"What did you answer for, Clarence?" his father asked curiously.

"Oh! they call me Pete sometimes. It sounds better than Clarence," he answered trying to make light of it.

"What big game is he talking about? Have you been deceiving me?" Mr. Van Martin asked sternly as he thought he was beginning to understand.

Pete told all. His father was very angry. He wouldn't be reasonable. He threatened to take him out of college if he played.

Mac kept his promise and got Pete's father out of the way until the game had started. When he came into the locker room to dress, he spoke to Pete. "Don't worry old boy, I've arranged it so he won't keep you from entering the game."

When the game started Pete played sullenly without his former spirit. He cared about nothing now. "Buck up, boy. It can't be that bad," Mac said during the rest at the half. The score stood 9 to 2 at the half in favor of the visitors. After the period of rest was over Pete did buck up a little. He made one good play: a goal from his position of first attack. Every one started yelling. Pete felt better. He looked around as he walked back to his position and saw a middle aged man on the sidelines about to go crazy, it seemed. When

the yelling quieted down, he heard a voice yelling above the commotion, "You can stay here. Play like the devil, son." He could hardly believe his eyes. It was his father.

Pete never felt better in his life. He played like a man possessed.

He shot, passed and checked as he never had before. He was a triple threat. He played a wonderful defense and a better offense. When the game ended, the score was 22 to 9 in favor of his team. He rode out on the shoulders of the whole school, it seemed, the happiest boy in the world.

His father greeted him in the locker room. "Pete"—his father didn't call him Clarence any more—"I'm proud of you. You can play every game in the world if you want to."

That night they were alone and Mr. Van Martin said, "I'm going to

tell you why I never allowed you to play strenuous games before. When I was a boy I was a good football player. I loved the game as you love lacrosse. But I broke a shoulder and sprained an ankle. One of my brothers broke a bone in his neck and died. I knew a boy who was hit in the head with a baseball which fractured his skull. I read of two college students boxing. One hit the other over the heart and killed him. He probably had a weak heart, but it scared me anyway. I read frequently of boys breaking their arms playing hockey. Another boy was nearly drowned in a swimming match. All of these things made me afraid of all sports and I wouldn't let you play. But now I believe these games are safer. You can play what you will."

"I understand now, Dad," Pete said thoughtfully.



A RIDE

By Dorothy Stewart

Oh, what a joy to go out for a ride,
Just to go to the mountains;
Up o'er the hills and by river side,
Down by the clear flowing fountains.

Oh, for a ride in the cool of the day,
Far from the town and the crowds,
Down by the farm where they mow the hay,
Up in the air and the clouds.

Oh, to get home at night from a ride
So tired you can hardly creep,
Just to sit by the log fireside,
And read, and nod, and sleep.



THREE FANCIES ON A THEME

I Smoke

By Lucie Grossmann

Smoke! Smoke! More smoke!
Dirty, black train smoke; smoke

pouring from the factory smoke-stack; smoke curling out of the chimney of the quiet farm house—all of it going upward, and all of it vanishing into the air. Where does it go?

What does it mean?

To the weary farmer, trudging home from the field, the smoke, as it slowly winds its way out of his chimney, means peace and contentment, a nice supper, a quiet evening with his family, and rest after a hard day's labor.

As I gaze out of the window in study hall and see the smoke coming from the tobacco factory, I seem to see the wheels of the great machines, the fireman, as he shovels the coal, and the people busy at their work. This smoke means industry, labor, and progress. Thus smoke does have its meaning.

To the Indian, who roamed the forest and stream before the white man took his lands, smoke, curling upward from a distant mountain, brought a message. Perhaps it was a danger signal, which told the Indian of the nearness of an enemy. Perhaps it was a call to the pow-wow, where the pipe of peace would be smoked with a friendly white man. To the Indian, this meant fellowship and good will. Or maybe it was a call to the war council, where the savage would dance wildly around, yelling his horrible war hoop. This meant cruelty, slaughter, and destruction. All of these signs the Indian saw and understood.

There are all kinds of smoke, but the one that I dread to think about is the smoke of battle. In translating French the other day, I came upon this phrase, "*Quand la fumee qui enveloppait le bataillon se dissipa*"—"When the smoke which enveloped the battalion had cleared." What horrors are hidden behind the smoke of battle! And yet it too vanishes, and the dreadful sights are revealed.

But somehow, smoke has a certain fascination for me, as it has fascinated others. Did not Nero burn Rome

to get an inspiration from smoke? Hasn't Carl Sandburg written a volume of poems called "Smoke and Steel?" Surely, the smoke fascinated him. But I think the most fascinating of all smoke must be the smoke from a pipe, for from this has come the inspiration for many literary

No matter what kind of smoke it gems. It is in his pipe that the busy man finds solace, and it is in the smoke that he sees his visions of bigger things to be accomplished. is, and no matter where it is, it is the same old questions with me—where does it go? What does it mean?

"Smoke of the fields in spring
is one,
Smoke of the leaves in autumn
another,
Smoke of the steel-mill roof
or a battleship funnel;
They all go up in a line with
a smokestack,
Or they twist—in the slow
twist of the wind."

II Smoke

By John M. Goodwin

Smoke has a funny effect on a boy's mind. That doesn't mean it makes him weak-minded or anything like that. He can sit down in front of a fire in winter, pull out his pipe, light up and see himself as anybody from Columbus to Calvin Coolidge in the volumes of smoke, curling lazily upward.

When a fellow is doing anything at which he is a novice, he can take a couple of "drags" off of his pipe, blow the smoke, watching it roll in the air, and he will feel that he is an "old timer." I guess it's that nonchalant feeling it gives you.

When you are smoking a pipe you feel that you're in good congenial company, and your thoughts just seem to wander and roll with the smoke. Then there's always comfort

for the lovesick; (the boy who thinks he's in love, knows it's misery, and yet he just, somehow, likes that misery). This pitiful specimen can always see her, more beautiful than she ever hoped to be, in the smoke flowing from his briar; he sits there and smiles all over himself.

The greatest beauty of the pipe and its voluminous smoke has not been told; I think, maybe, the girls wouldn't look so cute with pipes in their mouths, pouring forth smoke like a battleship, as they think they do with cigarettes there. For this reason the male species may stick by the "old boiler" and never be called effeminate.

III Smoke

By Freda Beckman

I was born when some rats, in search of food, lit a match which ignited and caught some papers on fire. To me it seemed as if I would never grow since I took so long. But I said to myself, "Gosh, see how long it takes for a person to grow." I could hardly wait any longer although I was increasing in size every second.

At first I was one color, light gray, and then turned into darker hues.

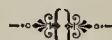
Now I am black and need more room to expand. I hope that someone will open the door; I'm relieved. There are some men who are trying to stop my existence, but I will try to prevent them. I ascend higher and higher. Where will my journey end?

In air I begin to grow thin. The wind is unkind! That which I am composed of cannot travel together since we are blown here and there.

Gee, I'm so weak! There is hardly anything left of me. Cannot something help me? Oh Wind, have mercy! I am faint. I go farther and father away from where I started and am combined with oxygen, nitrogen and every other substance that is contained in air.

Now! Now! I'm dying. Will you not stop for a second, Wind, just that I may say good-bye to the other parts? No, he will not stop! How cruel! I'm now alone in the world and am decreasing until one has to look through a microscope to see me. How short a time I am permitted to stay in this world! So this is the fate of the other smoke that will come after me!

I'm going farther, and as I pass a beautiful place of worship I hear these words: "Lo dust thou art, to dust returneth."



THE BREEZES

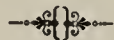
By Berkeley Carter

Of what do the whispering breezes speak
As they rustle through the trees?
Of boys and girls that beneath them play
Or of ships that sail the seas?

Perhaps they tell what a fine large ship
This mighty oak would be,
If hewers came the wood to claim
That men might go to sea.

Or maybe they tell of the boy and girl
Who wander there each day,
To rest beneath the shady oak
Or whisper what they say.

Some days they whistle, sigh and roar
To drive the clouds away,
That we may have a clear blue sky
And a bright sunshiny day.



WILDCAT, THE REVENUE OFFICER

By Eleanor Townsend

One warm morning, in late April, the first bright streak of dawn awakened a robin in the large oak beside the farm house. The robin in turn awoke a little colored girl in the house with his joyous carol of spring and little blue eggs.

This little girl poked her kinky head from under the cover, looked around, then rose cautiously so as not to disturb the little pickaninnies who slept by her on the straw mattress. She slipped into a shabby little dress and tripped into the kitchen. She was afraid of waking her little bed-fellows, for she knew that if she did, she would have to take care of them while she did her before-breakfast tasks.

Although she was only eleven years old, she was a great help about the farm. She had lived there only about six months. Jinny, a good Christian colored woman, had adopted her as a destitute orphan. Her motive was not entirely charitable, it is to be feared, for being overwhelmed with grandchildren, she thought that this willing little girl would be a great help.

She adapted herself immediately to her new home and was very happy there, although the grandchildren, being very young, numerous and troublesome, sometimes tried her sorely.

Her name was Wildcat. Jinny often declared that this was the "most unchristian-like name she ever heard tell of," and threatened to have

her named Jezabel at the next "baptizin'."

This morning as Wildcat went out to the woodhouse, she saw a wrecked automobile on the road behind the house. The road was quite far away, so she couldn't be sure, but she thought that she saw a man in the car.

"It must be one of those men from town, who come fishin' at the mill-pond. He must a run into that tree in the dark," she speculated.

She decided to go down and see what had happened as soon as she had built a fire in the stove and put on the kettle of water.

When she was drawing a pail of water, she saw that she had been noticed and that somebody in the car was trying to attract her attention by waving a white handkerchief.

First she thought she had better call some one in the house, but they were all still asleep, so she decided to run down and see for herself.

The farm house was built on a ridge. In front there was a slope of green pasture land, at the foot of which was the main road. In the rear there was a slope of cultivated land, now, in the spring, freshly plowed. At the foot of this stretch was a narrow, muddy road leading to a fishing club. It was on this road that Wildcat saw the wrecked car.

She now raced down a little path by the woods which skirted the cultivated fields.

As she drew nearer, she saw a

good sized open car which had bumped into a tree. The radiator was smashed in, the wind-shield shattered, and the top collapsed. The head of the only occupant was sticking through a hole in the top.

Wildcat came to the edge of the road and climbed a fence which separated the fields from the road.

The red-faced man in the car roared angrily at her, "Why didn't you send somebody down here that could help me, you—?"

"Why don't you get out of there?" asked Wildcat composedly seating herself on top of the fence and ignoring his outburst.

"Don't you see that this is as far as I can move to save my life?" he asked, raising his left hand a little way through the hole. "I've been like this all night. I've yelled till I'm hoarse, and none of you—!"

Here Wildcat instinctively put her hands to her ears and rolled her eyes as this furious man violently accused everybody in the vicinity for not hearing him.

"Get down from there and go get somebody to help me!"

Wildcat did not move; she raised her nose and sniffed the air suspiciously. There was a smell in the air that reminded her vaguely of Jinny's son Jake, who lived in the city but occasionally made brief, always unsuccessful, visits to his father's farm to ask for money. Poor Jake was in jail now. Just yesterday Amos, his father, had received a letter from the town deputy saying that Jake was held for carrying whiskey, but that if Amos would send fifty dollars, he would be released.

Amos' reply was brief and decided: "Dear Sir:

If my son Jake is wuf \$50 to you in jail, for Gawd's sake keep him there, fer he nevah was wuf 50c out.

Amos Bowling."

"Whiskey," declared Wildcat presently, "dat's what I smells."

The man's red face flushed angrily. It was a ghastly shade of purple as he grasped a small flask which was on the top of the car, clumsily put on the stopper with his left hand, and drew it through the hole.

"Go get somebody to get me out of here quick, you impertinent nigger," he thundered. "I'll have you know that I'm a minister, and I'm not accustomed to be spoken to like that!"

"You talk like a preacher," said Wildcat demurely, "and what's that big can of whiskey doin' in the back?"

"Whiskey! that's a can of butter-milk to take home to my mother. I got it at a farm last night. Now please go and get somebody to help me," he said, trying as persuasive a tone as he could in his anger.

Wildcat surveyed him shrewdly. "I 'speck I'll go git the constable," she said, and away she ran down the road.

Wildcat knew the constable. He was the youngest son of a well-to-do farmer, who would not take an education like the rest of his sons, but was glad to get a position as a county constable.

Wildcat found him working in his garden. She told him that there was a bootlegger down the road in a wrecked car. He asked her a good many questions; then, when he was satisfied that it was worth looking into, he went to the house and got his pistol.

On the way down the road the excited Wildcat kept up an increasing stream of conversation.

By the time they had reached the scene of the accident, the sun had gained a considerable height and was unusually hot for the time of the year. The man caught in the car had slipped his head through the hole so that the top would protect him from the sun.

The constable and Wildcat had crept silently up to the car from the rear. The back part of the top had not fallen in as completely as the front, so they could not see that his head was not showing until they stood right beside the car.

"Escaped," cried the constable.

"Not much chance of that," growled the man within as his head popped up again.

"Hands up!"

The man held up his left hand. "Other one's caught," he explained. "You're the constable, aren't you? Well, you're making a great mistake in believing that little darkey."

"Shut up, we'll see about that! Here Wildcat, hold this pistol just like that while I get him out."

Wildcat was nothing if not daring so she took the weapon.

The constable was a mighty man; he moved the top singlehanded. While he was doing it, he looked up at Wildcat. She had the pistol pointed straight at him. Her head was turned toward the house at the top of the hill where Jinny was calling her.

"Turn that pistol away from me!" he shouted.

Wildcat turned and handed him the pistol and said that she would have to leave, but she would send Amos down to help him.

She ran up the hill to the house and excitedly related her story.

Amos at once went down to help the constable.

Jinny forgot to scold Wildcat for not finishing her work in her eagerness to hear the tale. She declared that Wildcat would be well rewarded

for the capture.

Jinny had thought of a thousand ways to spend Wildcat's reward by the time Amos got back, laughing so hard that tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Where's Wildcat?" he asked Jinny.

"Here I is, Mr. Bowlin'," said a voice unlike the humble little voice of Wildcat. But this was Wildcat glorified by triumph and praise.

She looked puzzled when Amos asked her why she had not told the constable that Mr. Milburn had told her that he had buttermilk in his big can.

"Mr. Milburn?"

"Yes, chil,' he's the big preacher in town. He come out fishin' in the mill pond an' bumped into a tree on the way back. The constable is drivin' him home."

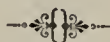
"I don't think that a preacher ought to talk like he done," protested Wildcat faintly.

"He said I was to tell you he wouldn't a talked like he did ef you hadn't a been so pert."

"He called me a bad name 'fore I even opened my mouf," she argued.

This only caused Amos to start laughing again, so Wildcat left in despair.

She spent the rest of the day in the hay-loft in peace. Occasionally one of the inquisitive grandchildren would poke his head through the trap-door entrance. She would screw up her nose, roll her eyes till nothing but the whites showed and make faces that would frighten away souls much braver than those of the grandchildren.



THE BROTHERHOOD

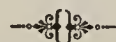
By Norman McCaleb

Oh! for the days of the great Spanish main!
For the days of the brotherhood.
Out in the sun, the wind, and the rain,
They were the days that were good.

We sailed on the ocean free from awe,
 With the salt spray in our eyes.
 We lived on good meat and wine so rare;
 Now the thought brings forth the sighs.

We robbed the Spaniards of their gold,
 The Frenchmen of their lace;
 We chased the English ships so bold,
 And fought them face to face.

But now the Spanish Main is still,
 The brotherhood is dead.
 No more wild songs from hill to hill
 Fill many a heart with dread.



MY OLD FORD

By Dena Lee Townes

Five years ago I bought a Ford. I was tickled to death, and I thought nothing could be better. Well, a year passed and my Ford was still going strong, despite the fact that I had burnt out the bearings and bent one of the back fenders. What difference did that make? I had a Ford.

My second year was going along smoothly until one day I was coming down the main street "wide open," and bang! I hit a street-car, folded my engine up like an accordin. My poor Ford; into the shop it went, while I walked and rode the street car for about two weeks.

On came the third year. My "Lizzie" was still running, but it was rather inclined to be doubtful. She was beginning to show signs of old age, but she rode gallantly through the third year, except for two or three flat tires and a bumped up fender or two.

Well, on the fourth year my Ford

and I had become such good friends that I couldn't part with her; so I treated her to a new set of tires and a new coat of paint. Did she look nice? I don't believe I've ever been so proud of anything before. My new tires helped exceedingly. The fourth year was almost over, and I hadn't had a flat one. No flat tire for about ten months and no accident! I was thinking about that one day while driving my Ford, and wasn't looking where I was going, when I hit another car broad-side and simply tore my Ford to pieces. That was the last.

Just as my Ford came to its fifth year I broke it all up; so I sold it to the junk man. Now, I suppose its helping some college boy fix his old collegiate Ford.

Even tho I do miss it, I'm happy, because "Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie," and now I'm driving a new Ford.



LANDSCAPE

By Albert N. Wice

Sweet and soft the song bird sings
 While loud and clear its music rings;
 When glowing Sol drives back the night,
 He bathes the earth in morning light.

Where waxen pine trees pierce the air
In winding curves through meadows fair,
A singing river gayly creeps
Through woods where moss-hung woodland sleeps.

By a town it pours its amber flood
And passes from sight in a fragrant wood
While back from the river outward spread
Lies a valley strewn with poppies red.

The poppy droops her graceful head
Beneath the rays of sun so red,
While the rambling brook in passing by
Casts to the wind its mournful sigh.



THE YOUNG NEZ PERCE GAINS HIS NAME

By Thelma Stevens

Late one September afternoon in the days when the pioneers were beginning to settle the western part of our country, a young Indian of the Nez Perce tribe was standing on a rise in the prairie, gazing toward the setting sun.

Yet there were many things that he could have been looking at. An emigrant train of "palefaces" were encamped for the night at the foot of the gentle slope. Also, there was a tribe of the Nez Perce, to which tribe the boy belonged, encamped alongside the "palefaces." He watched the white women and the Indian squaws preparing the evening meal. The men of both trains were engaged in trading, while the young folks looked on.

The young Indian noticed how happy the young people were, but it was not so with him. He had passed sixteen summers on earth and was yet unnamed. It was the custom of the Nex Perce tribe for each young brave to gain a name for himself. This young brave had not yet performed a deed worthy to give him a name.

Captain Gaines, a very old scout

of the West, was guiding the white train across the prairie and the wild desolate land, where they were sure to encounter numerous dangers.

The young Indian had returned to the camp of his people and heard Captain Gaines talking to his father, who was chief of the Nez Perce tribe.

Captain Gaines, seeing the straight, athletic young figure near his side, placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and remarked to his father, "That is a fine lad you have there; what is his name?"

"He no get name yet," answered the chief in his broken English. "Nez Perce get name by do big deeds. He no do big deed yet."

The young boy had not fully understood the scout's words, but he could tell by his father's tone that he was not well pleased with his son. That night the young brave wrapped his blanket about himself late and lay down by the fire to sleep, and the next morning the boy and his pony were gone. His father knew that he had gone out alone to seek a name for himself.

The two bands of travelers moved on, and although the chief showed

no signs of worrying, he must have worried all the time his son was gone.

After three days had passed, the two scouts who rode ahead of the train to locate water holes and spy out the land came riding into camp at about sundown and reported that a band of Apaches were ahead, and they seemed to be on the war-path.

Captain Gaines went over to where the Chief of the Nez Perces was standing and told him what the scouts had reported to him. After having reported this, he asked, "What do you think we had better do?"

"Apaches, ugh!" grunted the Indian, shaking his head. "No good. Want scalp. Make big fight."

"We'd better be prepared in case they come tonight," said the captain. "Chief, suppose you bring your people over inside the barricade made by the covered wagons as soon as supper is over. They furnish protection out here on the open prairie, and we can fight better together."

So after supper was over the Indians and "palefaces" worked together strengthening the barricade, and getting ready for the expected attack from the Apaches.

The young Nez Perce lad, after leaving his camp shortly before sunrise on that day, forced his pony at a brisk pace toward the west in search of adventure. The lone traveler was more than likely to meet almost any danger in the west in those days. The young boy was looking for a chance to win a name for himself to gain the coveted place among the braves of his tribe.

Few of the pioneers in the camp slept very much the early part of the night. But later on almost everyone in the camp slept except the sentinels.

Then the attack came.

The first sign the sentinels had of the attack was the sound of hoof-

beats coming over the prairie. Then almost immediately they were able to make out the dark forms of the oncoming Indians. They fired their rifles three times; they had arranged this to be the signal in case of an attack. The pioneers and the friendly Nez Perce were soon pouring a volley of shot into the oncoming riders from behind the shelter of the covered wagons. The Apaches were in a circle riding around the wagons and firing as fast as they could reload their rifles making the air ring with the dreaded war-whoops. After a few minutes of this kind of fighting they withdrew from the range of fire, and the pioneers ceased firing.

Captain Gaines consulted the Indian chief and asked him what he thought of the situation. The chief said that they would all rush in together and make another attack.

This was true, for very soon the Indians came rushing on again. The pioneers did not fire until they were near enough for their shots to be really effective, and then they poured a volley of lead into the oncoming riders. Some of the horses fell, but the riderless came on just the same and were soon inside the circle of the wagons. Then fierce hand-to-hand encounters followed and many on both sides were killed and wounded. Soon the Indians left when they saw how many of their men they were losing.

After the Indians had gone and the scout was busy helping care for the wounded, he noticed a commotion around one of the wagons. A woman came running towards him crying, "Dorothy is gone; the Indians have carried her off." The scout was quick to grasp the situation, and soon he had organized a party of the pioneers and Indians to get on the trail of the Apaches.

They had pursued the Apaches all that day, and late that afternoon

they spied a small cloud of dust in the distance, and ahead of that the whole prairie seemed to be nothing but a cloud of dust. Captain Gaines spurred his men and the Indians on and they were soon getting nearer the dust on the plains, which seemed to be drawing nearer every second, as if the party ahead had stopped.

The young Nez Perce had been on the trail four days and was on a small rising in the prairie when he saw what seemed to be a party of Apaches with all their war paint on. One of the savages had a white girl, or a "paleface squaw" as the young Indian would have called her, on his pony in front of him. The young lad knew that the girl had been captured by the savage band of Indians, so he determined to rescue her. The young girl seemed to be struggling with the son of the Apache chieftain. Never once thinking of himself the

youth rode straight toward the Indian. He started fighting with the Indian who had the girl and was riding a little behind the rest of the band. Just as the other Indians turned to see what was going on, Captain Gaines came riding up with his band and soon the battle was raging. The young lad of the Nez Perce tribe killed the Indian, who had Dorothy on his pony, and then he placed her on his pony in front of him. Captain Gaines and his men soon drove the other Indians off.

They started riding back to camp that night, and they arrived there about sunset the next day. The following day was decreed a holiday in honor of the young Nez Perce lad, and he was given the name of Brave Heart on account of his brave deed.

The old pioneers would often gather around the campfire in the evening and tell the story of how Brave Heart gained his name.



A DUMP HEAP

By Betsy Budd

On the outskirts of our city,
On a lone dejected hill,
Lies a jumbled mass of objects
That no place in life could fill.

What's a jumbled mass of objects
To the unobservant eye?
'Tis a blot upon the landscape
To the common passer-by.

But let us for an instant stop
Ere hence we wind our way
To see some bits of broken glass
That shine in the sun's bright ray.

Like the candles of the angels
Which we think to be the stars
They brighten up their sphere of life
As do Jupiter and Mars.

As we cast a glance about us
We spy a bauble of brass
That once upon a time belonged
To a laughing gypsy lass.

We begin again our journey
And though we travel far,
We must seek the hidden beauties
Where they unsuspected are.



CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

By James Hemphill

To understand the Constitution of the United States fully, one must go far back into English History, for several parts of the Constitution are almost exact copied from the English Bill of Rights and the Magna Carta.

Some of the most important provisions of the great Magna Carta are very much like the high ideals of the American Constitution, for example: "No one free man shall be arrested or detained in prison, or deprived of his freedom, or outlawed, banished or in any way molested; and we will not set forth against him unless by lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land." This principle was one of the most important provisions of the Magna Carta and, as one readily sees, is one of the corner stones of the American Constitution. Several such likenesses can be shown between the Bill of Rights and the Constitution.

The name United States means simply the States that were united. There were states—the United States. These states before they became states were colonies settled in America, mainly by Englishmen in the seventeenth century, and until 1776 were part of the British Empire. When the thirteen colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain, each colony established a government of its own, and so became a state by itself. In order to win their independence they had to unite their forces, and in order

to maintain it they had to remain united for certain purposes. It was this union of the thirteen colonies for certain purposes that created the Federal Government in addition to the state governments; and it was this union that gave to the country its name—The United States of America.

After the colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain, the Continental Congress prepared the Articles of Confederation and submitted them for approval to the several states as a form of government. When the union of the states seemed on the point of dissolving, a movement was started to revise the Articles of Confederation.

In the year 1787 there assembled at Philadelphia a Constitutional Convention on the call of Congress. It was one of the most notable bodies in American history—the most important Convention that ever sat in the United States. George Washington was presiding officer and it included such statesmen as Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Sherman, Pinckney, and Wilson—in all 55 members, with Rhode Island the only state absent. The confederation was a failure, and if the nation was to be justified in the eyes of the world, it must show itself capable of effective union. After the lapse of six thousand years since the creation of the world America now presents the first instance of a people assembled to weigh deliberately and calmly and to

decide leisurely and peaceably upon the form of government by which they will bind themselves and their posterity. Virginia, which had taken a conspicuous part in the calling of the Convention, was looked to for leadership in the work that was to be done.

Two or three days were consumed in organizing the Convention—electing officers, considering the delegates' credentials, and adopting rules of procedure; and when these necessary preliminaries had been accomplished, the main business was opened with the presentation by the Virginia delegation of a series of resolutions providing for radical changes in the machinery of the Confederation.

The dividing line between the two parties or groups in the Convention quickly manifested itself. It proved to be the same line that had divided the Congress of the Confederation, the cleavage between the large States and the small States. The large States were in favor of representation in both houses of the legislature according to population, while the small States were opposed to any change which would deprive them of their equal vote in Congress, and though outvoted, they were not ready to yield. Several weeks had been occupied by the proceedings, so that it was now near the end of June, and in general the discussions had been conducted with remarkably good temper. But it was evidently the calm before the storm, and the issue was finally drawn when the question of representation in the two houses came before the Convention. The majority of the States on the 29th of June once more voted in favor of proportional representation in the lower house.

A committee consisting of one member from each state was appointed to consider the question of representation in the two houses.

Just when discussion in the Convention reached a critical stage, just when the compromise presented by the committee was ready for adoption or rejection, the weather turned from unpleasantly hot to comfortably cool. And, after some little time spent in the consideration of details, on the 16th of July, the great compromise of the Constitution was adopted. There was no other that compared with it in importance. Its most significant features were that in the upper house each State should have an equal vote and that in the lower house representation should be apportioned on the basis of population, while direct taxation should follow the same proportion.

With the adoption of the great compromise a marked difference was noticeable in the attitude of the delegates. Those from the large States were deeply disappointed at the result and they asked for an adjournment to give them time to consider what they should do. The next morning, before the Convention met, they held a meeting to determine upon their course of action. They were apparently afraid of taking the responsibility for breaking up the Convention, so they finally decided to let the proceedings go on and to see what might be the ultimate outcome.

On the other hand the effect of this great compromise upon the delegates from the small States was distinctly favorable. Having obtained equal representation in one branch of the legislature, they now proceeded with much greater willingness to consider the strengthening of the central government. Many details were yet to be arranged, and sharp difference of opinion existed in connection with the executive as well as with the judiciary. But these difficulties were slight in comparison with those which they had already surmounted in the matter of representation. By the end of July the

15 resolutions of the original Virginia Plan had been increased to 23, with many enlargements and amendments, and the Convention had gone as far as it could effectively in determining the general principles upon which the government should be formed. There were too many members to work efficiently when it came to the actual framing of a constitution with all the inevitable details that were necessary in setting up a machinery of government. Accordingly this task was turned over to a committee of five members who had already given evidence of their ability in this direction.

The most difficult work of the Convention was thus accomplished, and what remained was comparatively easy for settlement. But it must not be overlooked that there were many other minor antagonisms, and consequently many other compromises had to be agreed upon. In fact, the Constitution is an instrument of compromises, like all the great legislative work of the English-speaking people; is perhaps the most notable instance in history of what a judicious spirit of compromise can effect. Moreover, just as the Constitution is an instrument of compromises, so is it an admirable example of judicious selection and adaptation of materials already at hand. The mistake is frequently made of eulogizing the Constitution as if it were solely or primarily an original creation. But the fact is, there is little absolutely new matter in the Constitution, and on the other hand there is much that is as old as the Magna Carta. Political institutions are not the result of invention, but of growth, adaption and combination.

The Convention gave the committee ten days to work on their jobs and so the convention resumed its sessions on Monday, the 6th of August, and for five weeks the report of the committee was the subject of

discussion. Item by item, line by line, the printed draft of the Constitution was considered. One of the greatest weaknesses of the Confederation was the Congress. The Convention devoted a great deal of its time to the readjustment of the powers of Congress. On the other hand it was necessary to place some limitations on the power of Congress.

The fundamental weakness of the Confederation was the inability of the Government to enforce its decrees, and in spite of the increased powers of Congress it was not felt that this defect was entirely remedied. But the final touch was given in connection with the judiciary.

There was little in the printed draft and there is little in the Constitution on the subject of the judiciary. A Federal Supreme Court was provided for, and Congress was permitted, but not required, to establish inferior courts.

One whole division of the Constitution has been as yet barely referred to, and it not only presents one of the most perplexing problems which the Convention faced but the last to be settled—that providing for an executive. There was, of course, here a divided opinion, but they at last decided on the single executive like the governor of a state.

So it came to the end of August, with most of the delegates worn out by the strain of four weeks' close application. When it was believed that satisfactory method of choosing a President had been discovered, it was decided to give still further powers to the President, such as making of treaties and appointing of ambassadors and judges, although the advice of the Senate was required, and in the case of treaties two-thirds of the members present must consent.

The members of the Convention were plainly growing tired and there was evidence of haste in the work

of the last days. There was a tendency to ride rough-shod over those whose temperaments forced them to demand modifications in petty matters. This precipitancy gave rise to considerable dissatisfaction and led several delegates to declare that they would not sign the complete document. But on the whole the sentiment of the Convention was overwhelmingly favorable. Accordingly on Saturday, the 8th of September, a new committee was appointed to revise the style of the document. On Thursday this was ready, and three days were devoted to going over carefully each article and section and giving the finishing touches. By Saturday the work of the Convention was brought to a close, and the Constitution was then ordered to be engrossed. On Monday, the 17th of September the convention met for the last time. A few of those present being unwilling to sign, the others devised a form which would make it look as if there had been a unanimous vote: "Done in Convention by unanimous consent of those states present." Thirty-nine delegates, representing twelve states, then signed the Constitution.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of the members of the Federal Convention was their practical sagacity. They had a very definite object before them. No matter how much the members might talk of democracy in theory or about ancient Confederacies, when it came to action they did not go out of their

own experience. The Constitution was devised to correct well-known defects, and it contained few provisions which had not been tested by practical political experience. Before the Convention met, some of the leading men in the country had prepared lists of the defects which existed in the country and the Articles of Confederation, and in the Constitution practically every one of these defects was corrected and by means which had already been tested in the states and under the Articles of Confederation.

So to these brave men we owe our prosperous land. To them is due the highest respect because they loved their country enough to try in the best means to correct its faults. Our government, our famous country, our progressive land would have not been nearly so successful had not these leaders of our country deliberated so fairly and continuously. To them is the honor of establishing the Constitution, and to us is the duty of upholding its grand principles.

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A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER

By Ruth Stephenson

Upon the beach at night is seen
Around the bonfire, blazing bright,
A dazzling, dancing island queen
With flashing teeth and eyes so keen—
A mysterious and romantic sprite
Swaying to time of the tambourine.

Her body moves from side to side,
Her arms outflung in the gentle breeze,
Now dips, now rises like the tide.
On the wings of the wind her brown feet glide.
She dances with unconscious ease;
Supreme, beside the ocean wide.



TWO STRANGE SPECIMENS

By Van Holt Barker

It had long been the custom at Oak Grove Academy for the Seniors to give the Freshmen certain duties to perform. To the Freshmen, these duties were absolutely impossible, but the Seniors thought—or did they?—that they were just an expression of the Frenchman's desire to serve the "old school."

These duties were to be made known to the Freshmen on any Friday which happened to be the thirteenth. Each individual Frosh was to receive a sealed envelope in which he would find what he had to do. Every Frosh was to give his word of honor that he would open and read his own envelope and its contents and that no one else would see it or know anything about it.

When at last the fatal day arrived, all Freshmen went about their business of the day in a very despondent manner. That night at eight o'clock they were to be present at the Gibbs House and receive their instructions.

"Bugs" Barton, so called for his great interest in collecting insects, was the last to receive his orders. They were, simply, "Procure a two-legged grasshopper and a wingless butterfly, and return same to President Johnson of the Senior Class." Included also in the envelope were a few clues which were to aid the unfortunate Frosh. "Bugs" was prostrated. "A two-legged grasshopper, and a wingless butterfly," he

moaned, "are two of the impossibles."

His first clue was, "Go to Deacon Thomas's cow pasture." Bugs did this and found nothing. He came out of the pasture in a very unromantic way, being chased by the Deacon's prize bull. A fence and a pig house were in the way but "Bugs" cleared them all in a remarkable hurdle and landed against a well-rooted tree.

The second clue was, "Look under the Dean's house." "Bugs" looked, but he saw no two-legged grasshopper, nor was the wingless butterfly present. The third clue was, "The final clue is to be found in Caesar's hand." This meant "Bugs" would have to climb the statue of Caesar in the park and get the clue out of the old boy's hand. After falling ten times he finally grabbed the outstretched hand and took the piece of paper from it. Here he was, twenty feet in the air, shaking hands with Caesar and clutching a slip of paper with his other hand. He bade Caesar a fond farewell and dropped. When he hit the ground, he dug a hole two feet deep and climbed out. He opened his hand and read, "Fool, cut off two pair of the grasshopper's legs, and for crying out loud, bring us a pupa stage of a butterfly. It has absolutely no wings." "Bugs" was flabbergasted.

"Why didn't I think of that?" he said to himself as he started toward

his room where he operated on one of his prize grasshopper specimens and lifted the chrysalis out of its box.

With these in his hand he reported to the "Most High" President Johnson. He was received very solemnly, and after he had turned over his trophies, he learned that he had been

appointed "Heap Big Bug Catcher," specializing in two legged grasshoppers and wingless butterflies.

"Well!" said "Bugs," "I felt sort of 'bugsy' when I met the Deacon's tree in a fond embrace, and as for two-legged—aw! what's the use,—lead me to the 'bug' house. I've gone 'buggy!'"



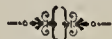
WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

By Virginia Smith

Gayly awaiting the circus to come
Bringing joy to the town, oh.
Lions and tigers, monkeys and bears,
Growling and dancing around, oh.

Peanuts for elephants; "Please buy me some;"
Pocketbooks soon will go flat.
Children are watching the crowds as they pass
Each one wants this or that!

Lions and tigers do growl at us all,
Horses and ponies go prancing;
Everyone seems to enjoy the noise
And the children are shouting and dancing.



CLOCKS AND TIMEPIECES OF ALL SORTS

By Charles K. Bradsher

I imagine that a large number of the disputes we see between elderly men seem excusable to them but they seem silly to us. I know of one gentleman in particular who would rather have his hand cut off than to admit that his watch was even one minute wrong. If someone else's watch doesn't compare with his, it must be wrong.

It is probable that at some time in our career, we have all owned an "Ingersol Yankee," one of these watches that are about a half inch thick. These timenieces seldom ever run more than five minutes per

hour. This watch should be limited to weight lifters and piano movers since anyone who carries one must experience the sensation of carrying a paper weight around in his pocket. They seem awkward but they are all right when you break up a watch or lose it every two or three weeks.

Probably the worst offender of all is the alarm clock, one of these 98 cent varieties.

These clocks do not mind losing time at an alarming rate, or gaining it at a rate just as alarming. They do not seem to comprehend just how much difference a few minutes may

make. Let us suppose that Moses had stopped to view the glorious sunrise. He would have arrived at the Red sea behind schedule, and he and the children of Israel would have gotten what fate held in store for the Egyptians. Let us suppose that the Duke of Wellington's cook had been late with breakfast that morning at Waterloo, the right honorable Mr. N. Bonapart would have slipped out, and we would have to do without that crack about "Meeting your Waterloo." The faithlessness of clocks is the reason why "Father Time" sticks to the hour glass instead of using a more modern instrument.

You have noticed that everyone likes a classroom with a clock in it. The teacher, I am afraid, doesn't share this enthusiasm as the pupils pay more attention to the time than to the teacher. I have plenty of proof that the person who said "tempus fugit" never took a fifth period class in Latin.

The clock in many parts of our country is made the object for real devotion. It is the sole cause for the "ancient and royal order of clock-watchers."

One boss asked his bright employee where he could put a bulletin so that all the force might see it. He replied, "Put it on the clock."



THE CLOUD

By Claiborne Hawkins

The cloud is sailing high and far
By light of sun or moon or star,
Like the ghost of a ship of old
That went to sea in search of gold.
You too, cloud, so far above
Seem to have for gold a love,
For you always try to take
The gold from earth the sun will make.



The Missile

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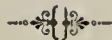
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Editorials



Our Thanks

The Missile, on going to press, wishes to express its gratitude to all those who have enabled us to issue our magazine. We are greatly indebted to the business men of our city who have so ably assisted our finances by their advertisements. We also want to thank the pupils of the Senior and Junior High Schools who have helped us get subscriptions and everyone who has subscribed to this magazine. Without your help there would be no Missile. However, the Missile is not being supported as it should be in our school, so remember each new subscription that you hand in is received with intense joy by the staff. We are indeed grateful for all help we have received, and we sincerely hope the Missile will repay you in every way for what you have done. We thank you.

P. D.

Are We A One-Sport School?

Petersburg High is a great old school; everybody will admit that. Although we are small, we enjoy nearly all of the advantages of a large school. We have fine literary societies, civics and history clubs, besides many others. Our cafeteria, library and gymnasium are splendid. We have a fine faculty, a beautiful building and grounds and everything that a school could boast of.

Our athletics are good, too, as far as they go, but here's the tragedy. Our school puts nearly all of her energy, strength and interest into one branch of athletics—football. We do, as a whole, receive a great deal of credit for the way we attend games, for the energy we put forth yelling the football team to victory. There could be nothing to criticize if this wonderful spirit would keep up, but, alas, it does not. After foot-

ball the hurricane subsides; with basketball comes quiet, a dreadful lull, but hardly contentment. None of us of P. H. S. would be content at having school spirit, excitement and interest die with football, and we should not be.

As this has been largely the fault in previous years, let's do everything we can this year to make the basketball season a success. Our basketball teams work hard—harder, perhaps, than most of us would imagine. The girls' basketball team has been practicing for quite a while already working to make their team a success. They are not loafing on the job, and it is as little as we can do to uphold them. If you don't like basketball, it's probably because you don't know the game. Learn it, and then you'll learn to love it.

By the time basketball season rolls around, there's hardly a trace of interest left. The baseball team certainly deserves sympathy. It's really pitiful to see the small group of our own high school pupils who do attend. It is probably because most of us just don't realize that there is very great demand for our presence and pep.

Let's not be narrow. Let's not make our school one-sided. Let's develop a good all around spirit, a spirit and interest to exercise throughout football, basketball and baseball.

Now that we have awakened to this realization, let's be up and doing, ready to make the basketball and baseball seasons the best yet. We can do it. Are you ready and willing to do your part?

B. M. F.

The Literary Societies

There are two literary societies in the Petersburg High School, the Daniel and the Page, both of which

are supposed to represent the literary side of our school, and both of which are supposed to be composed of students talented along literary lines. But are they? No! It seems as if we are inclined to "run" these societies on a personal rather than a literary basis. In choosing the members of these student activities we seem to look at the popularity of the student rather than his literary capability. But this should not be!

"Oh he's a friend of mine. He's a good sport, not at all talented in literary work, but he's my friend," and so you get him into the Page or the Daniel. And what is the result? The two societies are composed of students many of whom are not particularly talented in literary work, who, every other Friday, assemble in 109 to talk and gossip about things entirely foreign to literature, while many students, especially talented, fail to become members for no other reason than that they do not happen to be the particular friend of some present member of these organizations.

It is very evident that the method of electing members to our literary societies should be put on a different basis. Our literary societies must get to work! Our school needs debaters, declaimers, and students with literary ability! We must not let this side of our school life lag far behind the other activities. We must not let other schools surpass us in literary work.

What about our school spirit? Doesn't it apply to this case as well as to athletics? Let's stir up our school spirit along these lines and put our literary work for this year way over the top! It depends on our literary societies. How about Daniel and Page???

L. G.

Little Missiles

Mr. Freas had just finished telling the class of the Frenchman's love for animals when a voice rose in question, "Mr. Freas, are the little dogs and cats in France like the ones we have over here?"

Unsuspected Beauty

By John M. Goodwin

A jackass stood and brayed at me
From a pasture beside the road;
I tried in vain his beauty to see
But his face was like a toad.

I thought as I looked at the braying ass
Of his unsuspected beauty,
For this was the subject given in class
And by him I'll do my duty.

They don't look so bad, those windmill ears,
Nor the stub which he wears for a tail,
But the thing that's pathetic and brings me to tears
Is that braying, "hee—haw" wail.

I have tried in vain his beauty to see,
And if beauty could be detected,
The worries of verse would be over for me
For 'twould surely be unsuspected.



Mr. Miller: If you lived in the country and all your property was taken away from you, where would you go?"

D. Meredith: "To the city."

Mr. Miller: "Suppose you didn't like city life and you weren't wanted in the city, where would you go?"

D. Meredith: "To the river."

Mr. Miller: "And jump in?"

Edwin Young: "Go to sea and be a sailor."

Mr. Miller: "What? The men be sailors, the women sailoresses and the children sailorets?"

Man waiting for his dinner: "Say, waiter, will that spaghetti I ordered be long?"

Waiter: "The usual length, sir!"

Teacher: "Now, Willie, if James gave you a dog and David gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?"

Willie: "Four."

Teacher: "Now, dear, think hard. Would you have four if James and David each gave you one?"

Willie: "Yep. You see, I got two dogs at home now."

Definitions Every One Should Know

Old Maid—someone who never had a chance.

Nose—a projection in the middle of the face.

Hat—clothes worn on the upper story of the body.

Park—a place for enjoyment, also
an action put in practice by some
young people.

Tree—an overgrown weed.

Neck—a peninsula between the bal-
cony and the body.

Shoes—things worn on the feet.

Cow—overgrown calf.

Chewing-gum—instrument to exer-
cise the jaws.

Wall—something that goes straight
up from the floor.

Erasers—a board with some material
used to erase the blackboard and
used for battles when teacher is
out of the room.

Hose—something always hanging on
the desk and running.

Dorine—a box that opens when the
first bell rings just as if it were
automatic.



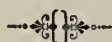
Perseverance

By William Meade Stith

My mind is on the blink,
As here I sit and think
In my chair.
Then I wish that I were dead,
As I scratch my aching hed
In a very awful access of despair.

A poem I cannot write,
So I'll call it off tonight
And go to bed.
My head aches on my pillow,
When I think of Mr. Miller,
And the things about my poems he has said.

But if it'll help my brain,
I'll try and try again,
And again.
If I don't I'll 'rouse the ire
Of my teacher and my sire,
And my tears will fall as thickly as the rain.



Teacher: "Has anyone a question
to ask?"

Bright Boy: "Yes, sir. Can a
short-sighted man have a far-away
look in his eyes?"

His Sister: "His nose seems
broken."

His Financee: "And he's lost his

front teeth."

His Mother: "But he didn't drop
the ball!"

Judge (to woman witness): "Do
you understand the nature of an
oath?"

Witness: "Well, my husband is
a golfer and my son drives a second-
hand flivver."

THREE TRIOLETS

I.

O Joy!

By Ruth Stephenson

As I was walking down the street
 Just as happy as I could be,
 A handsome lad I chanced to meet—
 As I was walking down the street.
 From head to toe, he was complete;
 I looked at him, he looked at me,
 As I was walking down the street
 Just as happy as I could be.

II.

To A Report

By William Meade Stith

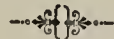
My report spoke volumes in numbers,
 Its figures showed boldly and clear.
 I dream of it now in my slumbers,
 My report spoke volumes in numbers.
 Dad thinks I should always work wonders,
 But Burns tries to flunk me, I fear.
 My report spoke volumes in numbers—
 Its figures showed boldly and clear.

III.

Mother To Daughter

By Vivian Moore

I can tell you dried the dishes,
 For they're still wet I see;
 You dream and think of wishes—
 I can tell you dried the dishes.
 You're as fast as little fishes,
 Squirming in and out the sea.
 I can tell you dried the dishes,
 For they are still wet I see.



Stop, Look and Listen

Seeing a test on the board when
 you enter the room is like a railroad
 sign. First you stop; then you look,
 and last you wish you had listened.

Waiter: "Would you like to drink
 'Canada Dry'?"

Customer: "I'd love to, but I am
 here for only a week."

The mind is a wonderful organ.
 It starts work in the morning and
 stops when you get in class.

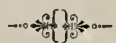
Miss Hall: "Suppose I wanted to
 borrow some money from you, Mr.
 Whitt, and had no security, what
 would happen?"

Mr. Whitt: "You wouldn't get it."

Mr. Freas says seeing people kiss-
 ing on the streets of France did not
 surprise him, as he was used to it.
 In fact he had seen them for a
 hundred years. We hardly thought
 him that old.

Miss Guerrant during a fire drill thought that encouraging the spirit of haste in one of the members of the football team which she accuses of slowness was her civic duty.

Walking up to a young man, she tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Get along there." Great was her surprise to learn that it was Carl Rond.



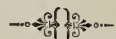
The Bold One

By Bernard Matthews

Everyone knew that the house was quite old,
Some said thousands had died there.
Feeling quite bold, adventurous too
Knowing of nothing to fear.

Midnight it was when he entered the house,
Not a sound did he hear;
Quickly he went up stairs to the room
Knowing of nothing to fear.

Suddenly out of the darkness he heard
Screams as of some-one in pain;
Up to his feet he sprang with a leap—
Finding the cat raising Cain.



In English Class: "The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."

Mr. Miller: "Why does that make the scene seem lonesome?"

Miss Bristow: "Because there weren't any people there and the birds didn't have anything to eat."

Miss Hall sitting beside Miss Leftwich at "The Terror": "I declare you are screaming as much as the woman in the picture."

M. Harwell: "If three little kittens went down to the sea, what would they bring back?"

B. M. Friend: "I don't know."

M. Harwell: "Sandy claws."

Mr. Miller says that most undergraduates never let studying interfere with their college education.

Mr. Burns: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"

Bright Pupil: "I don't have to prove it—I admit it."

On test: "What is the size of a backboard used in basketball and where is the basket placed on it?"

Answer: "The backboard is eight feet square and the basket is put three feet from the backboard."



The Hero

By John M. Goodwin

From out of a cloud of dust he flew
Straight for the enemy goal;
The dashing half was sure to score;
Six points he would take as his toll.

There was only one who could save the day:
The safety was yet to get by,
And a deadly tackler was safety-man Shertz
Who swore he would do or die.

Our hero scowled as the halfback tore
And vowed to bring him to woe;
Shertz fiercely charged for the oncoming back
But alas! He stumped his toe.



Mr. Wolff the other day in answer to a complaint of a low mark on test was heard to say, "Golly! but that's tough." We wonder who has been leading him astray.



“With Balls and Bats”

Eldorado

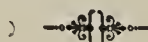
Edgar Allan Poe

*Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.*

*But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.*

*And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow:
“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?”*

*“Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied,
“If you seek for Eldorado!”*



The Football Season

On a very hot day early in September over fifty gridiron candidates could have been seen chasing the pig-skin around in McKenzie Street Park. Thus the 1928 Football Season at P. H. S. was ushered in. The squad was finally cut until it reached its ordinary size. The practices were soon lengthened and the hard work begun. Out of this squad a football team was selected. Its excellent playing has been witnessed.

The prospects are still brighter for

the remainder of the season. The line has shown up exceptionally well, although it is an unusually light one. In every game it has proven practically impenetrable. We are especially deminded of Salem's attempts. The ball toters have also done good work. In every game they have carried the old pig-skin for long gains.

The Squad

Captain Tom Webster, tackle, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 165—Tom's

always on the job with pep and drive. He is making an excellent captain, and fighting his way through every game.

Berkeley Carter, guard, height 6 ft., weight 165—"Berk" is now fighting through his fourth year. Having made two letters in football, he is always expected to put up a good game and always does. Carter was also last year's captain.

Henry Brockwell, guard, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 125—"Buck" has been working hard for two years at the old guard position. He is not yet a letter man, but he is sure of making his monogram this year.

John Goodwin, center, height 5 ft. 8½ ins., weight 125—This is Goodwin's second year out for the team. He is making a good showing as snapper-back. Johnny plays a flashing game at defensive end.

John Burks, end, height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 165—This football veteran is now driving through his fourth and last year with the pigskin carriers. Johnny is a wall of strength on the defense.

Frank Livesay, tackle, height 5 ft. 9 ins., weight 153—Starting at a flank position, Frank now helps support the line at the tackle berth. He plays well on both offense and defense.

Herbert Tobias, guard, height 6 ft., weight 193—This year makes "Toby's" second one on the squad. He shows a big improvement over last year, and is surely the giant of the team.

James D'Alton, end, height 5 ft. 11 ins., weight 140—Jimmie is now playing his first year on the team. He is right there on every play. Oh my! how he can snag those passes!

George Smith, fullback, height 5 ft. 8 ins., weight 160—Although playing tackle last year "Smitty" is now holding down a backfield berth. His ball-toting ability is outstanding.

Robert Berkeley, quarterback,

height 5 ft. 7 ins., weight 135—Here we have another letter man in "Red" Berkeley, the flashing quarterback. As field general he is excellent.

Calvin Branch, halfback, height 5 ft. 7 ins., weight 142—Due to injuries "Mike" did not make his letter last year. However, this year finds him in good condition and showing up well.

Bolling Cameron, fullback, height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 134—This is Cameron's first year on the team. Ask him how that educated foot makes those punts good for ever so many yards.

Mason Baxter, fullback, height 5 ft. 8 ins., weight 145—Here our terrific line plunger is no other than "Bobo" Baxter. He also shakes a wicked toe.

Arthur Brown, halfback, height 5 ft. 8 ins., weight 137—"Brownie" shows good form at the half position. He is also a letter man.

John Lucas, halfback, height 5 ft. 10 ins., weight 135—Luke shows up well in the backfield. His fleet feet enable him to elude many tacklers. Lucas made his first letter, last year.

William Spottswood, halfback, height 5 ft. 7 ins., weight 145—Although off to a good start "Spotts" received a setback due to injuries sustained in the Hopewell game. He is back again fighting just the same.

Malcolm Underwood, halfback, height 5 ft. 11 ins., weight 140—"Mac" is fighting every inch of his way. He does good work at the half-back position.

Bill Johnson, guard, height 5 ft. 9 ins., weight 140—Johnson has the old pluck and drive on every play. This is his second year on the squad.

Phil Roper, guard, height 5 ft. 6 ins., weight 143—This is Phil's second year on the squad. He works hard at the guard position.

Sherertz, Stith, Wells, Boswell, backs—These boys have been putting up a good game in the backfield.

They have been giving the varsity a fight that will be remembered.

Burke, Green, centers—These two Yannigans have also been putting up a good fight to help make the Crimson Wave a winning team.

Dick McCants, tackle, height 5 ft. 9½ ins., weight 177—Mac has worked hard throughout the whole season. This is his first year.

Walker, Saunders, Joyner, guards—These guards have rushed their varsity rivals in every way.

Garland Smith, tackle—He has shown good form on both offense and defense.

Grant, Simonson, Bowers, Cummings, Mayton, Williamson, ends—Though not on the first team they will not be forgotten. They have put up a good fight just the same.

The student body deserves to be congratulated for the support that they have given the team. There has been a larger attendance at the games this year than ever before. Even at the game in Portsmouth P. H. S. was well represented.

The scores of the games played thus far are:

P. H. S., 25; Hopewell, 6.
P. H. S., 6; Blackstone, 0.
P. H. S., 0; Salem, 19.
P. H. S., 7; Woodrow Wilson, 7.
P. H. S., 0; John Marshall, 20.

The remaining games at the time of our going to press are with:

Maury (at Petersburg) Nov. 2.
Roanoke (at Roanoke) Nov. 10.
Newport News (at Newport News) Nov. 17.
R.-M. Freshmen (at Ashland) Nov. 23.

Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball practice started on October 2. There are four letter girls back: Marguerite Harwell (captain), Cornelia Friend (manager), Trixie Mitchell, and Mary Harrison.

The schedule has not been completed. The first game will be played at Blackstone with Blackstone College on November 17. Other games are expected to be played with Charlottesville, Kenbridge, Hampton, Collegiate and possibly Lynchburg.

The squad is as follows: Jo. Congdon, F. Jones, F. Willcox, V. Underwood, R. Shapiro, M. Harwell, D. Ritchie, V. Ritchie, Evelyn Bowen, F. Andrews, L. Drewry, L. Rennie, L. Grossmann, T. Mitchell, M. Harrison, M. B. Young, M. Van Landingham, V. Hamilton, P. Friend, A. Farinholt, M. Welch, V. Rawles. E.Y.



Scraps

The question of having an Annual has again come up in the Senior Class and has been much discussed of late. The Senior Classes of '29 want an Annual, but Mr. Miller at a recent class meeting, pointed out the difficulties of the project which make it impossible to publish an Annual of the same nature as that formerly published by the Senior classes of the school. The publication is a costly one, and former classes have found it a difficult matter to come out even.

The senior classes of last year voted to combine the Annual with the last issue of the "Missile," the product to be designated as the "Senior Issue of the Missile." It was felt that the "Missile," having gained such high honors and recognition among the school magazines of the United States, should not be done away with to give place to an Annual.

However, the classes of this year are not satisfied with this arrangement and have accepted the substitute offered: namely, if the class is able to guarantee \$200, a smaller, less pretentious volume will be published, independent of the "Missile." It, though not as pretentious, will accomplish its purpose and contain all the material of interest to the Senior Class. The class feels capable of shouldering the responsibility of the undertaking and hopes to make a success of it.

At last the question of class rings has been settled. For at least three years, there will be no more heated arguments concerning the choice of a ring. As nearly all the larger high schools have standardized a ring, Mr. Wolff was very anxious that P. H. S. do likewise.

The question of standardization was brought up only after the February Class of '29 had about despaired

of finding a ring which would meet with the approval of a majority of the class. The class voted to standardize a ring, provided a suitable one could be found, and the decision met with the approval of the other classes of the school. The next question was to find a ring which would essentially represent the Petersburg High School. The design submitted by Jordan & Howerton, jewelers, was chosen by the class. This, it seems, is a very wise step, and the Petersburg High School graduates will be proud of a ring which will represent not only their class, but will stand for their school as well.

The sample ring has come and seems to have met the approval of everyone in the school.

The Petersburg High School is a member of the Virginia Athletic and Literary League again for the first time in seven years. This League is composed of eight leading high schools in the state, four in the eastern division and four in the western. The game with Salem High marked the reopening of our participation in the Conference, being the first Conference football game since 1921. Although the team suffered defeat in the opening tilt, there is a strong belief that the "Crimson Wave" will have no mean place in the final standing.

It is always interesting to have new teachers in our midst. There are quite a few new instructors with us this term and we take this opportunity to welcome them as members of the Petersburg High School faculty. It is hoped that they will enjoy working with the Petersburg High pupils. The new teachers are: Miss Phillips, Miss Huddle, Miss Burnette, Mr. Cotten and Mr. Caldwell.

The "Scraps" would be incomplete were they not to mention the change in cafeteria management. Everyone, assuredly, welcomes Mrs. H. G. Goodman to the cafeteria. No one can deny the fact that the "eats" are fine, and Mrs. Goodman deserves lots of credit for planning such delightful dishes. Three cheers for Mrs. Goodman and the "swell" food.

The numerous clubs of the school have reorganized and are getting down to real earnest work. Special mention should be made of the aim of the Square Circle this year. The club has undertaken the job of making it possible for some unfortunate boy or girl to attend school. This is indeed a noble aim and every one is proud of the standard set by the club. The officers of the Square Circle are: President Cornelia Friend; Vice-President, Nancy Harrison; Secretary Treasurer, Margaret Friend; and Faculty Adviser, Miss Wilkie.

The Civics Club is very active this year and is looking forward to a successful term. Miss Guerrant, Civics instructor, accompanied a part of the club to the armory where they were afforded a real treat—that of hearing the address of the Republican Vice-Presidential nominee.

Another event was the meeting of the club which was addressed by David Lidman, a leader of the Social-

ist party in Virginia. Mr. Lidman explained the aims of the Socialist party and expressed the hope that the party would soon be a major party in the politics of this country.

Last year the Teachers' Club succeeded in bringing Dr. Frederick Warde to Petersburg. This year they again succeeded in getting Dr. Warde to lecture here. This year, he lectured on "Fifty Years of Make-Believe" and those who did not take advantage of the opportunity to hear Dr. Warde missed a real treat. Dr. Warde has a very charming and winning personality. His voice is deep and rich. Dr. Warde is unquestionably a fine lecturer; Petersburg feels honored that he chose to lecture in our city.

The Hi-Y Club celebrated its tenth anniversary recently, and had a very delightful meeting. Many who are interested in the work of the club and who are also radio fans were afforded the pleasure of "tuning in" on the meeting which was broadcast.

The club is anticipating a banner year this year, and it is certain that they will succeed in whatever they undertake. The club plays an important part in the school life and is also vitally concerned in any city-wide undertaking. Here's wishing them every success!

W. M. M.



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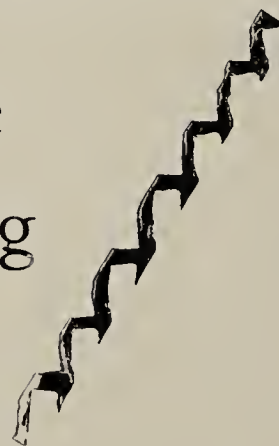
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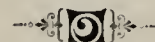
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